

DELL

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Roy Rogers

Comics



MULTI-SHOT WEAPONS OF YESTERYEAR



REMINGTON .41
2 SHOT



SHARPS .32
4 SHOT

DURING THE YEARS BETWEEN 1850 AND 1870, THE AMERICAN GUNSMITHS PROVED THEIR INGENUITY IN PRODUCING MANY VARIETIES OF GUNS AND CARTRIDGES. NOTABLE WAS THE DEVELOPMENT AND GROWTH OF SMALL, COMPACT MULTI-SHOT HAND GUNS, CHAMBERED TO TAKE THE PERFECTED RIM-FIRE CARTRIDGE.

SOME OF THESE WEAPONS HELD FROM TWO TO FIVE ROUNDS. LOADING METHODS WERE BASICALLY THE SAME AS FOR SINGLE SHOT PISTOLS. BARRELS TIPPING DOWN, UP, SLICING FORWARD OR BARRELS REVOLVING TO ONE SIDE.

FAMOUS GUNMAKERS LIKE REMINGTON, SMITH & WESSON AND SHARPS TURNED OUT THESE SMALL WEAPONS, LATER KNOWN AS CERRINGERS. CALIBERS RANGED FROM .22 TO .44. REPUTABLE CITIZENS, LAWMEN AND BADMEN OFTEN CARRIED THESE GUNS AS A SECOND, HIDDEN WEAPON. THEIR RANGE OF ACCURACY WAS VERY LIMITED BUT ACROSS A TABLE OR ALLEY, THEY WERE DEADLY!



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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Send both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

Roy Rogers

KING OF
THE COWBOYS

IN
ROY TAKES A PRISONER

MAGGIE O'TOOLE---
WEARING A STAR!
NOW I'VE SEEN
EVERYTHING, I
RECKON---

---EVERYTHING EXCEPT
HOW FUNNY YE LOOK
WITH YER SILLY TRAP
HANGIN' OPEN, BOY
ROGERS!



THAT RIDER LOOKS LIKE WULFEGE
MAGGIE O'TOOLE, TRIGGER! AND WEARING
A GUN! MEANS
TROUBLE FOR
SOME BODY---



IS IT SO STRANGE THAT THE LONG-
SUFFERING VOTERS OF CALABASH
COUNTY SHOULD PIN A SHERIFF'S
STAR ON THE ONLY HONEST
CANDIDATE THEY COULD FIND?
DOWNTRODDEN AS THEY ARE BY
VANCE NARDAHL AND HIS FELLOW
CATTLE-KINGS---



ALL RIGHT, MAGGIE!
I GIVE UP TO THE
ELUCIDENCE OF THE
IRISH! THE VOTERS
DID RIGHT---SO
WHAT?

SO IT LOOKS LIKE
TROUBLE ON THE
TRAIL AHEAD,
YOUNG-FELLA-
ME-LAD! THERE'S
VANCE NARDAHL
AND HIS GUN
HANDS---

---SINGING DOWN INTO THAT GULCH LIKE
BUZZARDS AFTER A DEAD DOGIE!









UNBUCKLE YOUR
GUNBELTS---ALL
OF YOU! YOU
HEARD THE
SHERIFF!

AND NO FUNNY
BUSINESS, OR I'LL
BLOW DARTLIGHT
THROUGH YEE!



ANY MORE ORDERS, MAGGIE?



YES! YE CAN HIGH-TAIL IT FOR TOWN
AND TELL DOCTOR RAMBLE THE
CORONER TO COME OUT HERE FOR
POOR SUNSHINE JOHNSON! ROY
ROGERS AND I WILL BRING IN
JOHNNY KITTERING---ON THE
HOOF!



IF VANCE NARDAIL NEEDED MONEY
TO PICK HIM FOR THE ROBBER! BUT
JOHNNY KITTERING---IT DON'T MAKE
SENSE TO ME, ROY!



TWO HOURS LATER, AT JOHNNY KITTERING'S
RANCH HOUSE...

MAGGIE
OTOOLE!
LIGHT
DOWN AND
COME IN!

YOU'RE IN
TIME FOR
DINNER!
COME IN,
BOTH OF
YOU!



JOHNNY---AND MOLLY---
THIS IS ME BEST
FRIEND AND TORMENTOR,
ROY ROGERS! I'VE JUST
MADE HIM ME DEPUTY,
TOO.

GLAD TO KNOW
YOU, KITTERING!
AFRAID WE BRING
BAD NEWS
THOUGH!

BAD
NEWS?



WE FOUND THIS
HAT DOWN IN
MAYNARD'S GULCH.
JOHNNY! IS IT
YOURS?

WHY--IT LOOKS
LIKE IT, MAGGIE!
BUT NOW IN THE
WORLD----

IT'S THE ONE
YOU'VE BEEN
MISSING, THE
LAST FEW
DAYS,
JOHNNY!



IT WAS LYING NEAR THE BODY OF
SUNDANCE JOHNSON AND HIS WRECKED
MAIL STAGE! THE MAIL SACK WAS SOME!
I'VE GOT TO TAKE YOU IN, JOHNNY
KITTINGER---EVEN THOUGH I'D AS
SOON BELIEVE MYSELF GUILTY AS
I WOULD YOU!



OH,
JOHNNY!
(SOB)
IT'S A
WYKED
LIE---A
FRANK-UP!
(SOB)

OF COURSE IT IS, MAGGIE
GIRL! BUT WE'VE GOT TO
GO WITH MAGGIE, NOW.

I'LL HELP
YOU SADDLE UP!



ENTERING THE COUNTY SEAT OF TWIN BUTTES
THAT AFTERNOON, MAGGIE NOTES THE BRANDS
OF WAITING HORSES...

A LOT OF RIDERS
IN TOWN TODAY, MAGGIE!

WANCE MAYNARD'S
FRIENDS, MOSTLY---
SAD GESS TO THEM!



THERE'S THE
COYOTE THAT
KILLED POOR
OL' SUNDANCE!

HE AIN'T EVEN
HANDCUFFED!
MAGGIE THEY AIM
TO LET HIM GET
AWAY!



HE'LL NEVER LEAVE TOWN ALIVE---THAT'S
CERTAIN!







HELP ME MOVE THIS ROCK, RANLEE!
I THINK WE'LL FIND OUR
CLUE UNDER IT. ANYHOW,
NARDRAHL STOPPED HERE!

HUMPH!
HE DID?

HERE'S YOUR
EVIDENCE,
DOCTOR! ANY
IDEA WHAT'S
IN IT?

THE MAIL BAG! OH---YES!
BANKER HALLADAY TOLD
ME BEFORE I LEFT TOWN---
THERE'S FORTY THOUSAND
DOLLARS IN CURRENCY THAT
HE SHIPPED THIS MORNING!

BRING IT ALONG WITH YOU, DOCTOR! I'VE GOT TO BURN
THE WIND BACK TO TWIN BUTTES---BEFORE VANCE
NARDRAHL GETS JOHNNY KITTERING LYNCHED FOR
HIS CRIME! BETTER TAKE CLAY IMPRESSIONS OF
THOSE TRACKS...

OH---
YES---I
SUPPOSE
SO!

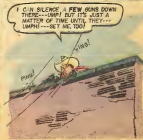
WHEN! THAT COMBOY MOVES
ALMOST AS FAST AS HE THINKS!
IF I WERE A CRIMINAL, I'D RATHER
HAVE DRAIN LIGHTNING THAN
HIM ON MY TRAIL!

STRETCH YOURSELF, TRIGGER! IF
NARDRAHL HADN'T WORKED HIS MOB UP
TO A KILLING MOOD, THIS NEWS MAY
SET 'EM BACK ON THEIR HEELS!

BUT AS BOY ENTERS THE EDGE OF TOWN, RIFLE AND
PISTOL SHOTS AHEAD SEEM TO DOOM PEACE AND
ORDER.

BAM!
OH-A-RACK!
BANG!

GUNFIRE!
MAYBE WE'RE
TOO LATE---







ROY ROGERS

KING OF THE COWBOYS

IN
ONE MAN'S POISON

HELLO, WILL! YOU'RE
LOOKING WORRIED
TODAY! IS BUSINESS
GETTING POOR?

NOPE! IT AIN'T THAT, ROY.
I'M WORRIED ABOUT
"APACHE" TOM HAWKINS
BLASTING OUT OF PRISON
AND COMING BACK HERE
TO RAISE GAIN.

THEY'RE SAYING THAT APACHE HAS
REORGANIZED HIS OLD GANG! BEEN
LOOTING SMALL MINES AND STORES
OVER IN SALT GRASS
COUNTY! MAY HIT
THIS TOWN NEXT!

HAHAHAHA!
I RECKON
APACHE TOM
WOULD LIKE TO
CATCH ME OVER
HIS
SUNSHOTS---



---I HELPED SHERIFF
DEAL CATCH HIM THE
LAST TIME HE WAS
SENT UP! SAY, WILL, I
LIKE THIS BLANKET---

HOLLENN!
HORTONADS!
LOOK---
ACROSS
THE
STREET!

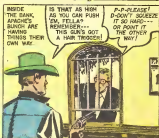


THAT'S APACHE AND HIS
BUNCH---JEST GOING
INTO THE BANK! THEY'RE
GOING TO ROB IT, ROY!

WELL, WELL!
TALK ABOUT
THE DEVIL---

ROLL A FLOUR BARREL TO THE DOOR AND
POT 'EM WHEN THEY COME OUT, ROY! I'LL
GO OUT THE BACK WAY, FOR SHERIFF CARRON!







HOWLING LIKE
A WOLF, ARNONE
LUNGES...

YAH-OH-
OH-UH!



---LUMP!



YEOW!
SHOOT---

FIGHTING FOR HIS
LIFE, YET HOLDING
HIS DEADLY FIRE,
ROY GAUG
HIS FEET
AGAIN...

OW! UHH! GET---BEHIND
YAH!



HE'S FIGHTING FIVE OF 'EM!
HURRY---



BANG!



KEEPING THE FIGHT BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE APPROACHING LAW GUNS, APACHE TOM DARTS AWAY TOWARD THE HORSES...



IN A STORM OF WILD BULLETS, FROM THE LAW SIDE, APACHE'S HORSE SHOWS HIS HEELS...



THE GLUED GUNS OF A FIGHTING SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTY COME TO ROY'S AID...















WE'LL RIDE AROUND IT! IF ROY GOT THROUGH, WE'LL FIND HIS TRAIL. IF HE DIDN'T, WE'LL FIND HIM---LATER!



LOOK! SOMETHING COMING OUT OF THE SMOKE, THERE---IT'S A RIDER!



ROY!
WHAT---
WHO'VE
YOU GOT
THERE?

APACHE TOM! HE'S ALIVE! POISONED!
RATTLESNAKE BIT HIM FIVE ALMOST
GOT US---(GROAN!) A-HUCK! WE
SAVED---MONEY, TOO!



THAT EVENING, IN THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE.

APACHE'S GOING TO NOW, ROY!



MMMMMM!
UTAH!

ROGERS! YOU---SAVED MY
LIFE---TWICE! RISKED
YOUR OWN NECK! RESCUE
I'LL GO STRAIGHT AFTER
I GET OUT OF THE
PEN I OWE YOU THAT!

YOU MEAN
THAT,
APACHE!



MAYBE THE RATTLESNAKE POISON KILLED THE
BAD-MAN POISON IN HIM, DOC! ANYHOW,
I'M GLAD.

ME, TOO!
I'M PLUMB
VACCINATED
AGAINST
CRIME---FOR
KEEPS!



Breed of the Pioneers



ILLUSTRATION BY JIMMY HARRIS

Doc Thomas straightened up from his examination and frowned.

"Blastin'," he said to the old man on the shack's lower bunk, "your mining days are over—unless you have enough 'dust' salted away to pay for treatment at a big city hospital. I'll be perfectly frank about it. When you fell down that mine shaft of yours you damaged your backbone, beyond MY ability to repair it. Complete rest, and, later, light rubbing with liniment. MAY get you back on your feet after awhile—but not to work. I'll be going now."

Blastin' Blaine's eyes were haunted with pain, but his jaw was set and hard as granite.

"Jamie!" he said to the twelve-year-old boy who stood just inside the doorway, "Jamie, give Doc what's left of that poke of gold dust that we panned after our vein pinched out.

There'll be enough to pay for his visit, I reckon. . . ."

"No!" Doc Thomas exclaimed. "Wait till I send you a bill. You're going to need supplies and medicines from town, right away, Blastin'. So long! And if the pain gets worse, let me know."

As the clatter of Doc's horse died away up the gulch, Jamie Cameron held a dipper of water to Blastin's lips. His small, tanned jaw was set, too, in imitation of the man who had picked him up as a stray, and fathered him for two years past.

"Blastin'," he promised, "you're going to that big city hospital, if that's what it takes to get you well again! I'll find the gold to pay for it—somewhere. I'm a pretty good hard-rock miner now—and I can pan placer gold for day wages till I make a real strike. You never let me down, Blastin', and I'll never let you down, either!"

Blastin' Blaine gritted his teeth as he lay back in the bunk, but his eyes showed the hint of a smile.

"Thanks, partner," he replied. "I always knew I could count on you in a pinch! Now you just leave the water bag handy to my reach, and get started for town. We're put' nigh out of flour and beans and sugar. Reckon we can afford a pound or two of coffee, too."

With nothing, but the second-best water bag slung on her empty pack saddle, Cassandra the burro headed for town, fifteen miles away. She knew the way, from long experience. And, waiting only long enough to make sure that Blastin' wanted nothing, Jamie Cameron followed her.

Eight hours later, his stomach fortified by a can of beans and another can of tomatoes, Jamie headed the little jenny out of Gold Town's single street, bound for home. The pack saddle was loaded now, and the pace would be slower. Jamie was tired, dog-tired! But he didn't plan to sleep on the way unless he had to. His partner would be needing him—needing food and drink and comfort.



Daylight had already come, when Cassandra pointed her gray nose into the maze of rocky draws and gulches that hid Blastin' Blaine's shack. Jamie stumbled after her, in a fog of weariness. But he wouldn't stop to rest.

"Blastin' will be out of drinking water by now," he remembered. "I could cut off a couple of miles by using the Short Cut. Reckon we'll try it, Cassandra."

The Short Cut had been used but twice in the two years that Jamie had lived with Blastin' Blaine. It followed the base of broken cliffs, below which a talus slope led down to other cliffs and crags as yet unexplored. Down there the footing was too treacherous, the danger of rock slides too real.

Cassandra's hard little hoofs trod the top of the talus slope gingerly—but weariness must have dulled even her keen instinct for spotting nature's booby traps. She stepped on the wrong piece of weathered talus—and went sliding down with a small-scale avalanche. Between two broken shoulders of rock she disappeared.

Jamie watched in horror—then started looking for a safer way down. The contents of Cassandra's pack meant life for Blastin'—food

and medicines for the next month! By painful stages, Jamie reached the rock shoulders, climbed below them, slid to the ledge at their foot. Surely Cassandra could not have gone farther! But she was not in sight.

Could the slide have buried her, pack and all?

Jamie shuddered. He looked around more carefully, and noted a cleft in the crag to his right. He scrambled up ten feet of gravel to reach it . . . and looked into a small, black cave!



At the entrance he stopped, with the hairs at the base of his neck prickling. From somewhere inside came a snarling sound. A bear? A mountain lion? Either one might pick such a place for a den! Perhaps the critter had killed Cassandra—dragged her inside!

The snarling sound stopped. Screwing up his courage, Jamie took a step into the cave . . . and another . . . and another. Now he could see the dim shape of the animal, twenty feet farther back! But there was no smell of bear or cat. The snarling sound began again!

Jamie took a match from his pocket and struck it. In the flickering flame's light, Cassandra stood, SUCKING at a trickle of water that seeped from a wall of glittering quartz. And loosed through that quartz were threads and specks of yellow GOLD!

Enough gold to take Blastin' to the biggest hospital in California!

"I promised I wouldn't let you down, Partner!" whispered Jamie Cameron.

CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES





"WHEN I GOT TO WOLF BASIN, I PICKED A SPOT IN A LITTLE CIRCLE OF JACK PINES, AND STRUNG BARBED WIRE AROUND IT FIVE STRANDS HIGH.



"THEN I PICKED ANOTHER SPOT TWENTY YARDS AWAY, AND LIGHTED A LITTLE CAMPFIRE. WHATEVER THE GRITTER WAS WHO'D KILLED THOSE POOR COWBOYS AND SCATTERED THEIR FIRES, WELL, I WANTED TO SEE HIM DO IT TO ^{MYSELF} ME!



"I LEFT A STRAW DUMMY LYING BY THE FIRE. IT WAS TWILIGHT BY THEN AND NIGHTY SPOOKY IN THE PINES. BUT I, HAD MY OLD .44-90 WINCHESTER THAT HAD KNOCKED OVER MORE'N ONE BEAR--- AND THE WIRE PEN WAS SOME COMFORT.



"THE BLACK HOURS GREPT ALONG, BUT NOTHING STIRRED!



"I MADE A COUPLE OF TRIPS OUT TO PUT MORE WOOD ON MY FIRE--- BUT I DIDN'T LINGER! THERE WERE TOO MANY SHADOWS PLAYING TAG AMONGST THE TREES, TO SUIT ME.



"I KNEW THAT THE GRITTER HAD SNEAKED UP ON MY SADDLE MATES WITHOUT A SOUND--- BECAUSE THEIR GUNS HAD NOT BEEN FIRED



"I FOUND MYSELF SHOOTING TOWARD THE SOUND AS FAST AS I COULD WORK MY RIFLE'S LEVER! I HOPED THOSE HEAVY .44 SLUGS WERE HITTING... WHATEVER IT WAS!



"MY WINCHESTER WAS EMPTY! I DIDN'T EVEN STOP TO RELOAD! I PULLED MY WIRE CUTTERS OUT OF MY POCKET AND...



"...CUT MY WAY OUT OF THAT PEN. ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE FROM WHERE THE CRITTER HAD STRUCK IT! I WAS HALF OUT OF MY HEAD, WITH ONLY ONE IDEA--- TO RUN FOR IT!



"MY HOSS HAD THE SAME NOTION! HE DIDN'T STOP RUNNING FOR TWO OR THREE MILES, AND I COULDN'T HAVE PULLED HIM DOWN IF I'D WANTED TO.

"I NEVER HAD KNOWN HOW BRANTFORD A BUNKHOUSE WINDOW COULD LOOK, UNTIL I SAW IT LIGHTED UP A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER. THE RAFTER & CREW WAS TURNING OUT FOR BREAKFAST!



"THE BOYS HAD A GOOD TIME HOORAW-ING ME ABOUT GETTING SCARED AND COMING HOME SO EARLY---



"---UNTIL I SHOWED 'EM MY EMPTY RIFLE, AND TOLD 'EM I FIRED ALL MY SHELLS AT THE CRITTER HIMSELF!





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